H.

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

No one wants to work on the evening of their anniversary.

But when you're a performer, there's nothing to do but say, "the show must go on," even on your two year anniversary with your boyfriend.

OR.

Will is a vocalist in a band, and Hannibal is his security guard. Today is their two year anniversary dating, and Will has a concert. The costume that he wears has both of them excited, and some sexual relief is needed before he can head out onto stage.

Kinktober Day 26: Leather & Latex

Notes

The title comes from "H." - TOOL.

See the end of the work for more notes

No one wants to work on the evening of their anniversary.

But when you're a performer, there's nothing to do but say, "the show must go on," even on your two year anniversary with your boyfriend.

Will tried his hardest to convince the band to take a day off of their tour for their anniversary, but it turns out the tickets had already been sold. They couldn't cancel now. Hannibal was understanding —and given that he's been part of the security team for about a year now—he offered to work so Will wouldn't be alone on their special day.

Big mistake.

Will's been distracted all night because Hannibal has gravitated nearby the whole time. He likes it, he really does… but it's hard to keep focused when his head is constantly filled with ideas of what Hannibal could be doing to him on their anniversary night, instead of working.

Hannibal even tried to follow him into his dressing room. But, in the name of professionalism, Will left him at the door, and locked it.

Even from his dressing room, Will can hear the opening act entertaining his crowd. They're not bad, and certainly one of the better bands they've performed with. But, Will knows that that whole crowd is here for his band. Just five members, but Will's vocals backed by his band's perfected instrumentals, can pull a whole crowd together.

The outfit Will's costume team chose for tonight's performance is one like none other he has worn before. It's more western style, very showy, and surprisingly feminine. As he slips on each piece, he takes an inventory.

The corset is so bedazzled with black rhinestones, he can't tell what material it's made out of. It's comfortable, but this corset looks to be specially made just for him. It's got no cups for where breasts are supposed to lay, and instead fits perfectly on his flat chest.

The bottoms match the corset, sparkly and black, and the best way to describe the style of them would be… panties. He feels almost like his junk might fall out when he first puts them on, but after some moving, he's sure it's secure.

There's a matching belt to go along with the first part of the outfit, and it just sits unattached to anything around his waist, hiding where his corset and panties are unconnected. It makes the outfit look much more smooth.

The final touch on his torso comes in the form of a beautiful and bold choker with an elaborate and elegant piece of chest jewelry.

He pulls out two leather stockings out of his costume closet, as well as a pair of garters to attach them to his panties. These leather stockings are not typical, as they have flashy belt buckles lining all the way down the side. When he puts them on, he can see his thigh tattoos peeking through the slits the buckles hold together.

The sleek cowboy boots are simple black leather, with just enough of a lift to make him feel more confident when he stands at full.

The last two accessories come in forms of gloves, and a hat. The black gloves seem impractical, but when he picks them up, he realizes they're latex. They'll grip just fine on his microphone.

They're not super easy to slip on, but when they're on, he can't help but run his hands down his body. He feels beautiful, and he feels powerful. The gloves reach nearly up to his elbows, and unfortunately, cover the fairly recent wrist tattoos he'd gotten.

The hat gives him flashbacks to his childhood in the South, because it's a cowboy hat. But this hat is so different than any he'd seen down there. And he guesses the only reason it ended up in his wardrobe, is because they're on their Southern stretch of the tour.

This hat is black and sparkly, just like his outfit, and has short black tassels just long enough to cover his eyes when he looks forward.

The whole outfit is fucking perfect.. he feels confident and sexy in it, and he knows his fans will absolutely love it tonight.

But he knows of someone who will love it more.

Will puts in his earpiece just in time to hear the announcement that the crew is starting to tear down the equipment of the opening band, and put up his band's instruments.

Will emerges from his dressing room to find the short hall empty, all but for his loyal security guard, who seems very adamant in protecting only Will tonight. Hannibal smiles at him when he takes in the full outfit.

"You look exquisite, darling."

Will rolls his eyes, and approaches Hannibal where he leans against the wall. He places a delicate kiss against Hannibal's cheek, and he swears he hears the older man sigh.

"We'll be on in twenty minutes." Will states, letting Hannibal in on the plan, even though he's sure that Hannibal had heard through his own earpiece.

Will nearly stumbles when Hannibal pulls him by his belt, leading him to the nearby pillar. It's so dark backstage, that he's sure he would've tripped over a cord if there was one.

Hannibal presses him against the sturdy surface of the large pillar, and is instantly on him, devouring him like he's a starving man. Will hums, pleased at the show of unrestrained passion. Surely a minute or two of this indulgence wouldn't hurt.

Will allows Hannibal to take his latex clad wrists into his hand, and press it above his head. This just pushes them closer together, and it's not until Hannibal is out of breath that he pulls away fully. Even in the low lighting, Will can tell that the older man's pupils are blown, his heart rate higher than usual.

Will gasps when Hannibal redirects his attention to kiss and mouth at the space on his neck where the beautiful jewelry isn't occupying.

"Don't you fucking dare leave a mark." Will growls, head dizzy with lust as Hannibal kisses over his sensitive spots. He feels a whine perched in his throat, and when Hannibal reaches down to fondle his quickly filling dick, that whine slips out.

He loves how Hannibal can make him feel like a horny teenager fooling around. What he doesn't love is that they are on limited time here.

Hannibal kisses him again, this time gentle and loving. Then, he takes a step back and releases Will's latex covered wrists. Will feels like he's just been shot, and he growls, "I can't go out on stage like this."

They both know what he's referring to, and Will was just too impatient to realize that Hannibal's already on his way to remedy the situation.

Hannibal drops to his knees, and pets down the open part of his leather trousers, causing goosebumps to rise on Will's flesh. Will opens his stance in anticipation, eager to have Hannibal's mouth on him again. They've had oral sex many, many times within the span of their two year relationship… and it never loses its charm.

Will's heart is racing just like the first time this happened, and his hands are shaking like he's an over eager virgin. Fuck, he really can't go out onto stage like this. He desperately needs Hannibal to fix it.

Hannibal moves to undo the belt, but Will knows that's not necessary to access what they need, so he swats away Hannibal's hands to instead do it himself. He hooks his thumbs into the waistband of the panties and pulls them down just enough to expose himself.

Hannibal knows exactly what to do, first using his hands to warm-up Will's body to the idea of being touched, then wrapping his lips around the head of Will's cock.

Will's breath stutters when Hannibal first takes him into his mouth, and his hands instinctively fly down to pull at Hannibal's neat hair. It's strange being able to feel the strands of hair even with his gloves on, but he guesses that's just one of the many perks to latex.

Hannibal looks up at Will, and takes hold of the straining leather around his ass, squeezing in encouragement. Ah, so Hannibal wants to give Will this rare treat for their anniversary… he'll fucking take it.

Hannibal stays completely still, and nearly unhinges his jaw opening up for Will to thrust. The noises Hannibal's mouth makes when Will's hips first start are loud enough for anyone nearby to hear, surely. But neither of them seem to care.

If they can't have their anniversary off to enjoy together, they may as well make the most of it while on the clock.

Will tightens his grip in Hannibal's hair and pushes forward to allow himself to go even deeper into Hannibal's throat. He doesn't gag, not even when Will hits the very back of his throat. He just works his tongue in perfect patterns over the bottom of Will's dick while his face is fucked. This is a rare treat, as Hannibal usually likes to be in complete control while giving oral. He's even tied down Will once before because the younger man couldn't stop moving his hips while Hannibal went down on him.

Will wants to make the most of it, but he can feel the coil of pleasure in his stomach building. He groans when Hannibal slaps his leather covered thigh, the sound of flesh on leather loud and resounding. It's the thought of being caught like this that makes Will climax.

Hannibal swallows every drop like it's the last thing he'll ever taste, and when Will is finally done giving everything he's got, he releases Hannibal's hair from his grasp.

His usually perfect hair is completely askew now, and anyone who looks at him is sure to know what just went down. Will pulls up his panties again, and this time his flaccid penis sits perfectly in the fabric.

Hannibal rises from his knees, and Will doesn't hesitate to pull him in by the tie to smother him with another passionate kiss. And to Hannibal's surprise, Will reaches for his belt, tugging it off with a practiced motion.

There's certainly less than ten minutes left, and Hannibal's intuition is telling him they shouldn't stay here to do this, so before Will can pull him out to expose him, he grabs the younger man to lead him back into the dressing room.

He doesn't stop until they reach the bathroom, and he stands in front of the sink. Will comes up behind him and continues what he started earlier, making eye contact with Hannibal in the mirror for reassurance.

This is a much safer option, because if Will can aim this right, Hannibal would get any semen on either of their outfits. It would be a disaster to head out onto stage with a big cum stain on his costume.

Hannibal sighs when he feels Will's latex brush against his neat pubic hair, and he watches as Will pulls his dick out of the confines of his boxer briefs.

Will kisses along Hannibal's neck as he starts slow, increasing pace after Hannibal's pre-cum has lubricated his latex glove. It's a completely different sensation than Will's normal hand, and he has to say that he both hates it and loves it.

Hannibal turns to catch Will's lips in his own and nearly whines when Will pauses to wipe his thumb over his tip. The second hand makes its way up to Hannibal's throat, wrapping around to constrict the amount of blood rushing to Hannibal's brain. Will usually only uses this trick when he wants Hannibal to come quickly.

Hannibal's lips disconnect from Will's when he lets out a choked groan, his head thrown back to sit on Will's bare shoulder. He feels like he's at the gates of heaven with Will's hands on

him, working his cock to bring him closer, and cutting off his air to make him feel light headed.

He's so damn close, and just a few more pumps from Will's skilled hand have him spilling all over the sink. Will milks him, pulling even after the initial release. This causes Will's glove to collect semen over the palm.

Will thinks of making a show out of licking his hands clean, but the five minute warning, and a call to come backstage in his earpiece makes him decide to just turn on the sink and wash his gloves like he would his hands.

Hannibal tucks himself back in, feeling much better and less stressed after this wonderful encounter. He takes another minute to admire Will's outfit in the adequate lighting.

He looks so good, and thankfully, this erotic side mission didn't mess up any part of the costume.

Will dries his gloves after washing the semen off, and turns to face Hannibal. He smiles before he slowly walks up to come toe to toe with him.

"Happy anniversary, Hannibal."

Hannibal smiles and leans in to place a sweet kiss to Will's lips. He makes sure it doesn't get carried away, and encourages, "They're waiting for you."

Will smiles sadly and gives one last parting kiss before turning on his heels to go meet his band mates backstage. They take the stage just a few minutes later, and throughout the whole set, Will sounds just a little horse. Probably from all the groans and whines Hannibal pulled out of him.

At the end of the set, the audience screams for an encore. This is just what Will had hoped for.

He'd discussed this plan earlier with his band mates, and he made sure to find Hannibal at the front of the crowd before introducing this new song as, "H."

He doesn't miss the way Hannibal's eyes light up as he performs this new song. It's a love song written just for Hannibal, and the crowd loves it.

But Will doesn't care what the crowd thinks… it's just Hannibal when he performs this song.

Though Hannibal only really likes classical music, he has to admit this song is one of his new favorites.

Will knows he's found a good one, and he wants to spend every waking moment with him, thinking about him.

And even on stage, he's able to show his love.

End Notes

I left what kind of artist Will/Will's band is vague on purpose, but the song "H." that Will performed is, "H." by TOOL. Which is yet again, another TOOL song that I think goes well with hannigram… even though "H." is not actually a love song.

Will's outfit inspo came from this post on instagram, so if you'd like to look at that, here's the link: https://www.instagram.com/p/Cm1_a19PiRC/?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=

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